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SHAKESPERE AS A NATURALIST.

I.—Trees and Flowers.

IT has been said of Shakespere that he did all things well: that he moralized like a philosopher, preached like a divine, and wrote like an historian. He read mankind, and painted his chronicles of fairy-land as if he held letters patent from Oberon, appointing him master of the revels and biographer to his court. His genius, by a subtle instinct, seized the secrets of nature and grasped the principles of science. From the age of eighteen to the close of his life he collected wisdom, hiving the sweets of knowledge from various sources—from conversation, from books, from observation. The character of his mind probably made the dry details of any particular science distasteful, and this assumption renders the accuracy with which he treated all subjects only the more remarkable. It is not improbable that the faculty at which we have hinted, dimly seen, perhaps, by its possessor, was half unconsciously portrayed in the following lines:—

> The poet's eye
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
> And, as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
> A local habitation and a name.

Turning from the pile of matter he has bequeathed to us, we propose to snatch, as it were, a single thread from the mass of costly wares and view the poet as a naturalist. We do not propose to consider him as a master of dry isolated facts; as a pedant of hard names; or a votary to system, classification, or natural relations. We should fail were we to make the attempt. What we desire to show is that he possessed the *true spirit* of a Naturalist. In the present paper we shall not use the term in its full sense, but narrow it to a single branch of the subject, and point out from the poet's works the critical accuracy with which he sang of trees and flowers.

Two hundred and fifty years ago timber grew in far greater abundance over the length and breadth of England than at present. At that time large forests still existed, and a thousand spots that now produce corn, were then covered with scattered oaks, elms, and beeches. The cultivation of trees was unnecessary and unknown. The practice would not have paid its expenses. Till a comparatively recent period pruning, thinning, clearing, and planting—in a word, arboriculture—were practically unknown. Let us pause to give an example of our poet's prophetic husbandry, which he perhaps carried out, much to the astonishment of the natives, many years after when he succeeded to the estate brought into the family by his mother. Prospero, relating the history of his life to Miranda, says of usurping Antonio

> He was
> The Ivy which had hid my princely bark
> And sucked my verdure out on't.

Shakespere's contemporaries might well have questioned the truth of this simile. Now-a-days we are better instructed in vegetable pathology, and know that parasites rob the friend that feeds them. The graceful ivy will trails over and beautifies old trunks, but is not allowed by good farmers to "suck the verdure" from trees preparing for market.

Caliban, after a hearty pull at Stephano's bottle of rum—of course it was Jamaica—in his drunken gratitude offers to show him all the treasures of the island, and among other promises of service says—

> "I with my long nails will dig these pignuts."

The *Bunium flexuosum*, a plant common in dry meadows and woodlands, has a large irregular tuber, sweet and agreeable to the taste. It is called the earth-nut, and is, as we know from experience, very difficult to dig up. Hence the peculiar appropriateness of the epithet "long" as applied to Caliban's claws. We can fancy the anxious, inquiring boy looking for these buried dainties, and in after years, whilst creating and peopling the magic Isle of Prospero, recalling with a smile the difficulties and disappointment that attended the search. Were we to offer a handsome premium, payable on the production of half a score of pignuts, to any fifty persons of our acquaintance, we should entertain no fears of being called on for the money, yet now there are probably two hundred works on botanical subjects for one that existed in 1570.

In *Midsummer Night's Dream* there is a charming description of girlish affection. We need only notice the concluding illustration of the perfect unity produced by innocent love.

> So we grew together
> Like to a double cherry . . . . . .
> With two seeming bodies but one heart.

Double fruits are by no means uncommon. We see double pippins, double pears, double nuts, double plums, to say nothing of double cherries. Such fruits possess a septum, dividing each from the other; but this line of partition passes *through one* single set of the organs of reproduction—the true life—which is common to both, or as our bard phrases it

> With two seeming bodies, but one heart.

Considering the period when this line was penned, we cannot fail to admire the naturalist instinct that so clearly mastered the anatomy of a subject so trifling as a double cherry.

In *The Winter's Tale*, act 4th, a good deal is said of flowers,—their kinds, attributes, suitableness to form garlands for young and old, and the like. Amongst these passages we find the following:—

> You see, sweet maid, we marry
> A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
> And make conceive a bark of baser kind
> By bud of noble race. This is an art
> Which doth *mend* nature.

The art of grafting fruit trees was not unknown in Shakespere's day, but the words seem capable of a wider construction. The art of making *new flowers*, by budding, mixing the pollen of kindred species, and various other methods, was then unknown, and yet the idea—especially if the context be considered—seems to shadow forth a discovery reserved for our own times.

> Checks and disasters
> Grow in the veins of actions highest reared,
> As knots by the conflex of meeting sap,
> Infect the sound pine and divert his grain,
> Tortive and errant, from his course of growth.

Were we to make a section of a sapling fir near the point at which a bud appears on its trunk, the microscope would show us sap vessels bent more or less from the line of growth, and destined to nourish the future branch. The growing limb roots itself, as it were, in the heart of the parent tree, and thus a knot is formed interrupting the uniformity of the grain. These vegetable "checks and disasters" break the course of the tree's fair fortune, and form no inappropriate image of the crosses that attend prosperity. The similes of some modern poets are not quite so true to fact.

In *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Scene 3rd, Perdita says:—

> I would I had some flowers o' the spring;
> . . . . . daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
> Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
> That die unmarried, ere they can behold
> Bright Phœbus in his strength; bold oxlips, and
> The crown imperial.

These lines, besides their poetic beauty, contain a store of naturalistic observation, not only in what they assert but in what they imply. The daffodil blossoms at least a month before the swallow *dares* to come, for the minute and delicate flies on which both the sand-martin and the true swallow feed rarely appear before 10th of April, whilst the veined and drooping petals of the *viola odorata* form a simile as apt as beautiful for the eye-lids, a simile even a goddess might deign to accept as a compliment. "The pale primrose that dies unmarried" is indeed a felicitous phrase, describing at once a prominent characteristic as well as fixing the date of its birth. The sun is said to be the lover of the flowers, but in February and March his visits are rare: there is no warmth in his affection. He does not woo the primrose as he does the more glowing beauties of summer. So she is said to die unloved and unwedded. Nor

must we pass unnoticed the "*bold* oxlip." No one but a close observer would have applied so just an epithet. The stem of this plant is much stouter than that of the cowslip, and the flower, wherever found, has a peculiarly hardy, confident aspect. Willis, in his *History of Northumberland*, says "the great oxlip grows a foot and a half high." It needs not this exaggeration to justify the phrase to which allusion has been made.

We must refer, for a moment, to the passage in which the immediate cause of Ophelia's death is related—

> There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
> That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream:
> There, on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
> Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
> Then down the weedy trophies and herself
> Fell in the weeping brook.

It would be difficult for word-painting to do more for the *salix triandra* than has here been done. The tree stands before us in life and beauty, with its prominent peculiarities faithfully pourtrayed. Its position *aslant* the brook,—the *pendant* boughs,—the branches swayed by the breeze showing their *hoar* leaves *in* the glassy brook, are all so true to nature that the most ordinary observer would at once recognize the fidelity of the picture.

When did brother ever offer more sweet and sage advice to a young and inexperienced sister than is contained in the following lines?—

> For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,—
> Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood;
> A violet in the youth of primy nature,
> Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting;
> The perfume on the suppliance of a moment.

The felicitous use made of the character and qualities of the violet is too patent to need comment.

In *Venus and Adonis* there is a delicious description of the dawn—

> From whose *silver* breast
> The sun ariseth in his majesty,
> Making the cedar tops and hills seem burnished gold.

The density of the foliage of the cedar is well suited to such summer gilding. We cannot avoid quoting sonnet LIV., for when were flowers ever employed to plead more eloquently the cause of truth?

> O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
> By that sweet ornament that truth doth give!
> The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
> For that sweet odour that doth in it live.
> The canker blooms have full as deep a dye
> As the perfumed tincture of the roses;
> Hung on such thorns, and play as wantonly
> When summer's breath their masked buds discloses.
> But for their virtue only is their show,
> They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade:
> Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so,—
> Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.
> And so of you beauteous and noble youth,
> When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

Again—

> The summer flower is to the summer sweet,
> Though to itself it only live and die.
> But if that flower with base infection meet,
> The basest weed out-braves his dignity;
> For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds,
> Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

Who has not known some fair flower "meet with infection," notwithstanding the love and care bestowed on it. Such lily, when it festers, for us one of the saddest sights this world can offer.

In *Cymbeline*, Act IV., scene 2, we read—

> With fairest flowers
> While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
> I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
> The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
> The azur'd harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
> The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
> Out-sweetens not thy breath.

Affection has seldom been more sweetly sung; the flowers employed as the symbols of Imogene's sweet perfections seem to bring her before us as "fresh as May."

Once more, and we have done. Ophelia, with the fitful aptness so often joined to madness, makes her legacy of flowers "discourse eloquent music." To the poet flowers have, time out of mind, possessed a language more or less definite, whilst to the lover they have always served as pages from the *leges non scriptæ* of love. But in the days of Shakespere, save to the gifted few, they spoke in an unknown tongue. We venture to think our Naturalist has made the qualities of plants interpreters in tenderness and ethics at least as successfully as some modern writers, when reducing the vagrant language of plants to a system.

> OPHELIA.—There's rosemary that's for remembrance,—
> Pray, love, remember: and there's pansies, that's for thoughts.

This is spoken to Laertes; and rosemary from the enduring nature of its scent is well chosen as an emblem of constancy. Nor is this all. The plant was used by the older physicians as a remedy in cases of muscular irritability, and we may suppose it here prescribed by his heart-broken sister, as a sedative for his restless sorrow and furious passion. Pansies were obviously suggested by the word *pensées*, for she bids her brother "remember."

> Here's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you—there's some for me—we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays. Oh, you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy; I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died.

This is spoken partly to the Queen—the rue is intended to remind her of sorrow and contrition. Perhaps also it is called Herbgrace o' Sundays, because the sight and smell may on that day call her sins to remembrance, and induce her to seek more earnestly for grace and pardon. The fennel and columbine are presented to the king. In an old edition of sonnets published in 1584, we read, "Fennel is for flatterers." The Ghost says the King

> With witchcraft of his wit
> Won to his shameful lust
> The will of my most seeming virtuous Queen.

Violets are emblems of faithfulness, and Ophelia could not present *them* because they were "withered all"—withered like the Queen's fidelity.

A CONCERT AT THE BLIND ASYLUM.

AN afternoon spent now and then at such a place as Henshaw's Blind Asylum, Old Trafford, would do most of us good. It has a tendency to make the querulous man more contented with his lot; him who is proud in strength humbly thankful for his powers, and every one gratified to see so much done to alleviate so serious a loss as that of sight. The concerts now given by the inmates every Wednesday afternoon supply a pleasant motive for a visit and a convenient opportunity for leaving a small offering in aid of the good object of the institution.

On entering the hall of the Asylum the visitor is shown to a room on the right, which is used as a sort of shop for the sale of articles made by the blind. The shop is a very small one, and the stock is very small even for the shop. Door mats, baskets, and knitted work are here on sale, few in number and limited in variety; and the sellers seem to quite outface the little stock and make it appear still more insignificant. You are here expected to buy some article, or make a donation, in return for which a ticket is given you for the concert. Armed with this you return to the hall, where a gigantic porter, somewhere between sixteen and twenty stone weight, stands to receive, with ponderous grace, your admission card, and to show the way as far as his territory extends. Arrived at his frontier, he hands you over to the care of a smart-looking and nicely-dressed domestic servant. She conducts you through what appears to be an empty school-room, and ushers you into the concert room. This is a room, not large, but convenient, panelled as to walls and ceiling, the latter also being slightly arched. At one end is a raised orchestra, very like a "singing pew" in the gallery of some churches, at the back of which is a small organ, looking over large for the place, and on the floor of the room, in front of the orchestra, is a grand piano.

The programme, written in large letters, hangs over the entrance door. It is divided into two parts, the first, secular, consisting of part songs and solo songs; the second sacred airs and choruses. There are, altogether, a dozen vocal pieces, and a pianoforte piece, which are run through in the marvellously short space of an hour. The accompanyist sits down to the grand piano, plays the opening symphony of the first part song; leaving the singers to join in the performance, he rattles on right to the end, with the perseverance, the regularity, and about the expression of a self-acting barrel organ. Hardly has the last chord

become inaudible, when he begins the next piece, the interval being so short as to be suggestive of the few seconds necessary to "snap" the barrel of the organ. So on all through the programme; when the secular music is finished, he scrambles up into the organ seat, and repeats the process to the end of the sacred music. If he *does* contract for the work, he will certainly never be fined for being behind time, but then it is a serious drawback to the enjoyment of the music to have the whole programme mixed up as it were into one piece.

The choir consists of girls, boys, women, and men, to the number of about sixteen, who all know their parts well, sing with accuracy and gusto, revelling in the enjoyment of their own efforts, and take up their cues with a vigour of attack and accuracy of time which, with advantage, might be copied by many choirs who have the assistances of books and eyes. Their voices blend well, and are nicely tempered with feeling and expression. But there is a plaintive sweetness superadded to the music by the sightless faces upturned as if seeking inspiration of the music in some spiritual light visible only to them. Indeed many reflections are suggested by this sightless choir of sweet singers. One cannot help commiserating what we consider their loss, which deprives them of so many pleasures we ourselves enjoy; yet the sight of their submissive resignation reads us all a valuable lesson of patience under difficulty. Then the evident earnestness with which they study music, their decided success, and the genuine pleasure they experience in its practice are very pleasant to think of as somewhat of compensation for their affliction. But the most striking thought, and one full of hope for all, whether of the so-called educated, or of the uneducated, ranks, is suggested by observing the individual faces composing this choir. No two faces are alike in character, and so far as physiognomy and form of the head are capable of shewing us, there are no two individuals whose powers are equal, or whose tempers or dispositions are the same. There are widely-different types, from the highly-intellectual downwards, and some which, in the ordinary whirl of this rough, workaday, scrambling, and debasing world, we should expect to find in the lower levels of ignorance and barbarism. Even the sad uniformity of blindness fails to hide the startling diversity of character and mental power before us. And yet here they all are on a common level of refinement, all expert in the use of the most emotional of the powers of human expression, all lovers and graduates of the oldest of the arts, the great civilizer and softener, Music. Does not this consideration suggest hopefulness and encouragement to those, especially, who are interested in the education of the people and the elevation of their tastes? Does it not suggest hidden powers for good and graceful living in all men, if only the light of education and faithful example are reverently used to enlighten their abnormal darkness?

During the performance of the first portion of the programme, a blind man sits behind the bass singers, and as he takes no part whatever in the performance, he causes much wonderment and speculation as to his use or object. No sooner is the last note of the pianoforte heard, in the last secular part song, than he starts into life from his statuesque repose, he takes the bellows handle of the organ, and his face overspreads with a grin of satisfaction, which very plainly says to the audience "NOW its our turn; if you'll keep quiet you'll hear something in a bit." We must compliment him on his careful blowing; better could not be. It was quite pleasing to see how steadily and carefully he blew, and kept his eye on the warning plummet by the frequent use of his forefinger on the string.

The concert over, we were all courteously conducted through the work-rooms and school-room, a sight which alone amply repays the visit. The audience was not numerous, scarcely occupying more than a tenth of the seats. That class which usually delights to be called "the upper" was, we are sorry to say, conspicuous by its absence. With one or two exceptions, those present were of the gentler sex. We were glad to see a large card hanging in the room, announcing that these concerts would be continued every Wednesday afternoon until further notice. The hour for commencement is half-past three. Let us bespeak the support of our readers and their friends for this good cause.

SCANDAL.

Scandal is the art of interpreting "appearances" in our neighbour by our own instincts and practices. Few lives will bear too close a scrutiny: those of scandalmongers, never.

"TWO ROSES."

AT last we are favoured with a sight of what appears to be regarded in London as the masterpiece of modern comedy—of the work which has made the reputation of him who is regarded by the various degrees of his admirers as the Robertson, the Sheridan, and the Congreve of the day. A great reputation is always an onerous honour. A play which comes to us with such a chorus of rhapsody as the *Two Roses* is almost certain to disappoint us; and it says a great deal for Mr. Albery's piece that it has disappointed us so little. Still, after most attentively considering the work, we are unable to discern in Mr. Albery even a coming Robertson; while to talk about Sheridan and Congreve in such a connection is simply childishness. The greatest merit in *Two Roses* is its enormous success, which we are fairly puzzled to account for. Its bright and pleasant character, upon the whole, suffices to account for a large portion of its popularity; but there is not enough merit or fascination in the play alone to cause so violent a triumph as it has attained, under normal circumstances. We are driven to attribute some of this success to the prevailing dullness of contemporary dramatic literature; and much of it undoubtedly must be assigned to the consummate cleverness with which the leading part is played by our old Theatre Royal favourite, Mr. Henry Irving.

The first and far away the best act of this comedy is altogether worthy of its reputation. We are introduced to the somewhat seedy lodgings of one Digby Grant, a poor weed of gentility, with all the vices of good birth without the virtues, who lives upon a small allowance made him by a relative and casual gifts and "loans." This character—a very happy compound of Montague Tigg and Mr. Pecksniff, and withal an original conception—is the making of the piece. No vice is so effective on the stage as mean hypocrisy, and in its broader phases it has been done to death; but the homely, petty, unexaggerated meanness and hypocrisy of Digby Grant, Esq., is very fresh and welcome. The single objection which we have to make to the portrayal of this character by the author is that he ought not to be so neglectful of the usages of society as not to offer his visitors a chair, and to drink wine in their presence without bringing out a second glass. Mr. Albery makes great play with these bits of business, in selecting the occasions when his admirable humbug shall and shall not pay attention to the etiquettes of life; but it is part and parcel of the character of Digby Grant that he should have the outside manners of a gentleman. The act is principally occupied in bringing out alternately the manners of this magnificent creature and the artless and enthusiastic dispositions of his daughters, the Two Roses typified by the two bushes, red and white, which grace the window. Between these two young ladies there is not that broad distinction which the author constantly alludes to—

> "One's like the flower when June and July kiss;
> One's like the leaf-housed bud young May discloses:
> Strangely unlike, and yet alike in this—
> They are two roses."

So asserts the lover of the one, and so repeats the lover of the other; but the statement is not true. Far from being strangely unlike, they are strangely like. The speeches given by each might generally just as well be given by the other. Altogether, the intended difference between these two is the least ably executed portion of the author's programme. We must also take exception to the blindness of the lover of the elder Rose. This is a most unnecessary trespass on the comfort of the audience. We resent the character. Pert and rude in the extreme himself, and constantly alluding to his blindness, he is very much hurt, and says so, at a thoughtless observation dropped by a good-hearted, talkative commercial traveller. This jolly party, very broadly played by Mr. Honey, is in the habit of leaving presents for the family under the disguise of "samples." The cast is completed by a shrewd old attorney, who announces to Grant that, in an utterly impossible way, which the author prudently leaves to the imagination, he has become the possessor of ten thousand a year. Mr. Grant immediately presents his various creditors with "leetle cheques," in satisfaction of his obligations, upon his mean, unfeeling way of recognizing which the act-drop falls. This act is carried on throughout with dialogue of polish, wit, and vigour. Were some few blemishes excised, such as some foolish puns—when one of which is made the Roses, in an ineffably silly manner, ring a bell—it would be difficult to suggest an improvement. The Roses are a little gushing, but, upon the whole, a picture of

light-heartedness is painted very pleasantly. A flatulent speech about a sewing-machine, and some wire-drawn comparisons between love and sewing, should also, long ago, have been excised.

In the second act, alas, we drop down from good, telling dialogue to coarse vulgarity. The two young men who are forbidden Mr. Grant's new house are lodging with the humorous Commercial, who has married in a most absurd way a severely pious party. The unfortunate admission of this female character upon the scene changes, for the time, the whole tone of the piece. Mr. Albery gives rein to an evidently natural vulgarity of mind, of which the first act showed some signs, but bore too much the healthy influence of Mr. Robertson to show in any great degree. Both Mr. Albery's later contributions to the stage are principally famous for the exhibition of this same fault. It is obviously the rock ahead which Mr. Albery must avoid or else make hopeless shipwreck. With the re-admission of the piece's great part on the stage, its tone revives. Mr. Digby Grant appears to tackle Mr. Wyatt, the forbidden lover of the younger Rose, with carrying on a secret correspondence. Wyatt denies doing this. Grant says he lies. Wyatt demands a retractation of the word, which Grant refuses to make. Then ensues the much-applauded situation of the piece, which, with humiliation we confess, we cannot understand. The daughter, who has secretly been visiting the room to gaze upon her lover's pipe and other little properties appears from behind a curtain. Grant immediately begs pardon, signalling her out. The blind man enters, intuitively divines her presence, says she's there, and down the curtain comes. This vaunted situation seems to us the very haziest, weakest part of the whole play. We cannot make it out at all. Frantic admirers have volunteered us the most elaborate explanations, but "still we are not happy." If the author knows exactly what he means himself—which we much doubt—he has expressed his meaning very badly. But the situation in the *School for Scandal* is not more applauded. In the third act, Mr. Grant is compelled to resign his property in favour of the blind young coxcomb, who, in very feeble fashion, is found out to be the heir. This is a badly constructed act, in which the young men are brought on in a very unsatisfactory manner, and in which the action sinks into broad farce, but it is very amusing, and it satisfies the crowd. The acting is throughout as near perfection as need be, and the last scene is pretty.

Our opinion of "James Albery's renowned comedy" is that it makes a very agreeable evening's entertainment, but that as a work of art it has been over-rated to a most absurd extent. There is no backbone in it. To compare it with the masterpieces of the stage is puerile. To talk of the "Sheridanian wit" of its dialogue is ridiculous. Sheridanian wit itself would be ridiculous in a piece constructed on the lines of the *Two Roses*. Commercial travellers, giddy girls, and pert, blind men are not the people to indulge in Sheridanian wit. Let us put it out of the question altogether. Mr. Albery's standard is the Robertsonian. If his second and third acts were equal to his first, he would have rivalled or indeed surpassed his master. But they are not, and in this respect he shares his master's weakness. His wit, as typified in this first act of the *Two Roses*, is of a higher type than Robertson's. Upon the other hand, their sentiment is not to be compared. The sentiment of Mr. Albery is stilted and uneasy. He seems more at home in talking about monthly nurses and in introducing stockings and chemises. His humour is ominously broad and coarse. It is on this account we do not see in Mr. Albery the coming man, and cannot give him cordial welcome. When the influence of Mr. Robertson becomes less strong upon him, which it is sure to do as the self-confidence engendered of success increases, Mr. Albery will reveal himself in his true colours, and we are very much afraid that the spectacle will be the reverse of pleasant. Of all the famous writers to whom he has foolishly been compared, we fear lest he should justify the most his comparison with Wycherley. There is nothing very offensive in *Two Roses*, but the writer shows an inclination to be nasty whenever he sees an opportunity. A young author could not make a more deplorable mistake. The time for that sort of thing is past, and by so doing he only makes those assume a hostile attitude towards him who might otherwise be his warmest friends. Let Mr. Albery stick to genuine wit. That is his strongest point. On the one hand, he must not allow himself to be carried away by it, as where, for the sake of making a poor quip, he lets his lawyer impute dullness of comprehension to a very cunning character—and, on the other hand, he must not lose sight of it altogether, as where he permits his personages to indulge in such "natural" dialogue as this:—"I say, old fellow, do put down that beastly thing." This is not Sheridanian wit, at all events, yet often does his dialogue descend to such a feeble pass. Not all the grace of a Montague can galvanize such stuff into effect.

We wait with interest for Mr. Albery's next venture at the Vaudeville. If we cannot cherish such high hopes of his future as most of our contemporaries, we at least await it with a lively expectation, and we must in candour add, with some degree of apprehension.

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE FLORENCES AT THE PRINCE'S.

MR. W. J. FLORENCE is an indefatigable and most amusing actor. He is as energetic and untiring as Mr. Toole, and vastly more entertaining. He has grown somewhat stouter since his last appearance in Manchester, some ten years ago, but he is as vigorous and apparently as young, and his animal spirits are as boundless as ever. Mr. Boucicault alone excepted—and he is probably out of the reckoning, as he seems to have abandoned the buskin—there is no better or truer impersonator of the Irish character, on its genial and humourous side, now on the stage. It is to be regretted that the pieces in which he elects to appear are generally poor and unsubstantial, although *Born to Good Luck, or the Irishman in Naples*, has considerable merit. By the way, who is the author of this comedy? Two or three of the scenes show great dramatic skill and humorous power. Barney O'Connor in *The Yankee Girl* is an Irishman of a different stamp to Paudeen O'Rafferty; and Mr. Florence is as good in the one as the other, though he has much less scope for the display of his abilities, and the piece is flimsy in the extreme. We presume it finds a place in the programme on account of Mrs. Florence, who, by the way, chose the part of Peg Mehitable Higgenflutter, in this piece, for her first appearance in London seventeen years ago. We cannot honestly profess the slightest admiration for the character she assumes. It is altogether unnatural, and has not a single redeeming feature: it is even not funny. Mr. Florence was ably supported in all three pieces by Mr. Wainwright, Miss Claude, and Mrs. Clifford Cooper.

FAVONIUS AND JACK SPIGOT.

Mr. Parry, the owner of Jack Spigot, has lost no time in matching his horse against Baron Rothschild's Favonius, the winner of the Derby. This match, which will be run at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting over the Cæsarewitch Course, seems likely to create as much interest as did the celebrated match between the Flying Dutchman and Voltigner, twenty years since. Jack Spigot, who was not entered for either the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, or the St. Leger, has proved himself one of the best three-year-olds of the year. He won the City and Suburban Handicap easily, beating twenty-one other runners, and at Ascot, out of a field of twenty-nine horses, he ran third, giving Valuer, the winner, the present of three years and 27lb. in weight, and allowing the second horse, which was his own age, two stone nine pounds. This was a tremendous performance, and many good judges consider that Favonius will have a difficult task to beat him. The story which went the round of the papers last week that Baron Rothschild gave French, the jockey, £1,000 and a life annuity of £200 for winning the Derby, is contradicted on authority. The sum which Baron Rothschild presented his jockey with was £400, a douceur which appears to us to be sufficiently liberal, considering that French had little to do except to stick on his horse and let him have his head at the stand.

LIONS AND THEIR "TAMERS."

We believe that under the intelligent laws of this country a man may torture a wild animal with impunity, but surely some measure of protection ought to be accorded to those wretched beasts which are reduced to a sufficient state of tameness to be exhibited in menageries and to have money made out of them. The papers recently contained accounts of the extraction of a lion's tooth, which had been broken by "the severe punishment" which its tamer had on one occasion "found it necessary to administer." Soon after the operation the lion died, and

it was found that the blow which had been struck had smashed its jaw, and brought on cancer. If lions cannot be kept in a state of subjection without resorting to such brutal means as this they ought not to be kept at all. In our opinion, it is necessary to administer severe punishment in other quarters. If a lion kept in an unnatural condition gets rebellious it gets its jaw smashed; the man who smashes it gets of scot-free. Not one of all the newspapers which chronicle the deed have got a single word to say against it.

THE REV. CANON GIBSON AND ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH.

A correspondent, referring to some remarks in our article of a fortnight ago on Ardwick Green, states that the Rev. N. W. Gibson was appointed canon three months *before* his wife's death; that he did not resign the rectory of St. Thomas's Church until four years after that event; that the rectorship was not given to his curate by him, but by the dean and chapter; and that his contribution to the repairs of the church was larger than that of any member of the congregation.

"THE HERO OF LONDON BRIDGE."

This "great man" appears nightly at the People's Concert Hall. We wonder what sort of a reception is accorded him. It seems to be admitted that he has deliberately practised on the sympathies of the public, and is, therefore, eminently entitled to the honours of a humbug, but perhaps the severest injury which he has done the people is in being the cause of the infliction upon them of the dreadful article commemorating his achievement in the *Daily Telegraph*. It says very little for the gumption of that paper that it should have swallowed the bait whole in such voracious fashion. At the risk of being charged with wisdom after the event, we will remark that we only refrained from expressing our disbelief in the *bona fides* of the feat out of the respect which we bear to the libel laws of our country and the juries of our intelligent fellow citizens. We suspect that other deeds of heroism chronicled in history would show no better underneath the microscope of fact. Admiration, unfortunately, is always a highly dangerous indulgence.

MANCHESTER AIR.

The *Food Journal*, a valuable and generally very interesting magazine, contains in its number for the present month, a paper on the air of towns, by Mr. G. M. Hopwood, an assistant, we believe, in the laboratory of Dr. R. Angus Smith, of this city. Mr. Hopwood, after explaining the process of air washing, shows that, for the amount of decomposing or putrefactive matter in the air, as shown by the amount of ammonia obtained in the washing, London occupies a very favourable, and Manchester and Glasgow a very unfavourable position. By air washing, also, it is possible to show the extent of the contamination of the atmosphere by coal burning and by manufactures that evolve acid fumes. Mr. Hopwood gives the subjoined table showing the proportion of acid, hydrochloric and sulphuric, found at the places named, the amount found in Blackpool when the wind was blowing from off the land being taken as 100:

Blackpool	100
London	289
Didsbury	315
Buxton	333
St. Helens	474
Manchester	527
Underground Railway (Metropolitan)	1483

Here again "London," says the writer, "stands well as compared with Manchester. The most of the coal is burnt in domestic fires, which do not throw so much hydrochloric acid into the air as do furnaces. Probably also a stricter watch over the amount of smoke evolved from manufacturers is indicated. Manchester has many works burning large quantities of coal. St. Helens may be considered a huge chemical laboratory."

MR. MADOX BROWN'S PICTURES.

Mr. Ford Madox Brown, like Mr. Dante G. Rossetti, and one or two other painters, does not send his work to the usual exhibitions and public galleries, but prefers to show them at his own studio; and at the present moment four of his pictures are on view at his residence, 37, Fitzroy Square, London. They are: *The Entombment of Christ; Romeo and Juliet; Haidee finding Don Juan after the Shipwreck;* and *The Coat of Many Colours.* The *Athenæum* speaks of *The Entombment* as one of the artist's finest designs: a noble and subtle composition, enriched by superb, richly-varied, and grave colour. Mr. W. B. Scott in the *Academy* writes in terms almost as enthusiastic of the *Romeo and Juliet.* Artists and lovers of art on a visit to London would do well to include Mr. Madox Brown's collection among the things that should be seen.

MR. BIRCH'S ORPHAN HOUSES AT CORNBROOK.

MR. BIRCH has just issued his annual letter about his orphan houses, and we are delighted to perceive that he has not found his friends failing him in this good work. Any one reading the letter will be struck with the abounding faith which it manifests, and yet with the singular modesty of the writer, who gives a meed of praise to everyone except himself, and the glory to the bountiful Dispenser of every good and perfect gift. We could wish that this seventh annual letter might obtain a very wide circulation. It knocks so forcibly at one's heart that the pocket, which in cases of this kind is generally the heart's best interpreter, *must* enter into the transaction.

Here is a case, at all events, in which the bounty of the public goes unfented into the exchequer of the orphans. Our readers will be astonished, and perhaps disappointed, to hear that there is actually no Honorary Secretary connected with the Cornbrook institution; and yet the little orphans appear to be happy. Success without an Honorary Secretary appears at first sight rather heterodox, and contrary to all sound principles of charity. Yet here in the case of Mr. Birch you have it, which means to say that you have one of the most daring feats in modern philanthropy. The hardihood of the enterprize appears to have arrested the attention of one of Mr. Birch's friends, for in the third paragraph of the annual letter Mr. Birch writes as follows;—"I have no committee. During the last year a friend offered to subscribe if I would have a committee with me, but, believing that I could get on better without one, I declined the amount with such a condition."

Mr. Birch declines, you see, to be paid for the introduction of fuss into his orphan houses; and we say, with all our hearts, and souls, and strength, Bravo Mr. Birch! Keep them afar off; if necessary, by canine means and a long chain to sweep the premises. Dull and fishy must be the eye which does not see how many charities have been smothered by such machinery of Hon. Secs. and committees and their aurcate imbecilities. If the good God have given the increase in this matter, mark well the means by which He has worked; and if you want to give a five pound note to the Orphan Houses, remember that it becomes at least five guineas—perhaps nearly six—by the very fact that there is no nonsensical minute-making and reading and confirming between the cup and the lip. What you give to the orphans they get—every bawbee—and there are plenty of funds in hand at this moment waiting to invest in a new edifice for these poor little children. Success of this kind—achieved, be it remembered, without begging ("I am thankful," writes Mr. Birch, "to say that I have not had the unpleasantness of having to beg, either directly or indirectly, from anybody on behalf of this good work") is perhaps to some extent explained by the simplicity of the machinery. Read again Mr. Birch:—"I beg to state that I am solely responsible for the management of these houses. If the public make me the channel through which their money shall flow to these orphans, I will expend it justly. I pay no secretaries, and have no office rent with which to debit the fund." We like the phrase, "I will expend it justly." If we did not know the man

we could not read this annual address without relying upon his justice and upon his truth.

The total number of orphans maintained by this gentleman, or for the maintenance of whom he is "solely responsible," is ninety, of whom seventy-seven are lodged and fed and clothed at Cornbrook, whilst the remainder are cared for in lodgings outside the Orphan Houses. Of the economy of Mr. Birch's system we may judge from the fact that the total cost of each child per annum is under £11. Any lady or gentleman desirous of becoming more intimately acquainted with this remarkable institution is welcome to go and see it at any reasonable hour on any day of the week. During the year 1870 the total amount received without the "unpleasantness" of begging either "directly or indirectly" was nearly £1,500, but of this some £500 was contributed for the new building fund. What is called "the general account" therefore is credited with about £1,000 and debited with some £700, leaving Mr. Birch about £300 in hand, plus the building money, which waits a favourable opportunity for investment. Mr. Peter Allen, of the *Manchester Guardian*, vouches for these figures, and he is the only outsider called in by Mr. Birch to aid in the business arrangements.

It is very touching to read of the contributions in kind which Mr. Birch's friends have sent in for the little orphans. Apples and pears, and plums and cherries, and lots of things to make one merry, are showered on those who have no father or mother to be searched for infants' plunder in toffy and toys. Mrs. Helberger and her pupils in Higher Broughton lead off the game with a regular snowstorm of clothing—31 new frocks, 27 pinafores, 6 skirts, 35 grey flannels, 92 chemises, 52 pocket handkerchiefs (God bless the noses of those school girls in Higher Broughton, and may Mrs. Helberger's precepts and bread and butter always do them good), 12 new frocks, and 14 Bibles; also a large basket of parkin and toffy. Mrs. Helberger invited the orphans three times to tea, paying their omnibus fares for the three occasions.

If we wished to take a dose of *Pinnock's Catechism*, or of *Mangnall's Questions*, or of the terrestrial or celestial globe, or of a quivering orrery in which the planetary system always appeared to us in former years hopelessly and helplessly drunk, there is no schoolmistress with whom at this moment we have any acquaintance to whom we would so readily resort as Mrs. Helberger. Likewise, in the matter of a medical man, who comes naturally after a schoolmistress, demanding protrusion of the tongue, we are bound to say that Dr. Bowman, of Monfiieth, Old Trafford, deserves our warmest acknowledgments for the tender care which he manifests in the welfare of these little ones. The doctor does not figure much in the senna direction. We find him, on the contrary, sending suet—the best dumpling variety no doubt—a tremendous doctor for suet truly; whilst the doctor's wife, feeling that 4 lbs. of suet taken so frequently might become tiresome, varies the monotony of the entertainment by "a jar of dripping." May the good doctor and his wife always eat of the fat of the land themselves; "Forasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my little ones"—the doctor knows the rest.

We will follow Mr. Birch's example and refrain from begging for this most beautiful illustration of the virtue which "is not puffed up." But if we failed to do our little share in chronicling the work which is being done at Cornbrook we could scarcely ever look into the bright eyes of these little children again. Rightly has the founder of this tender hospital been elected to the School Board of the great city of Manchester. His works will follow him. And if, amidst the conflicting claims of good deeds done upon a larger field and amidst a more imposing splendour, this modest, earnest beneficence be now and then overlooked, to Mr. Birch will remain the recompense, if recompense he wants or seeks, embodied in the Laureate's verse—

> Howe'er it be, it seems to me
> 'Tis only noble to be good;
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And gentle faith than Norman blood.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS AND C. VOYSEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

HAVING had our attention called to the observations in the last number of the *Sphinx*, under the heading "Mr. Voysey and the Society of Friends," we think it right to state that Charles Voysey never had, so far as we are aware, any connexion with the Society of Friends, and that the opinions for which he has of late made himself so painfully conspicuous are utterly repugnant to the well known recognized principles of that society. In proof of this we may refer to the first chapter of the book published by direction of the yearly meeting under the title *Doctrine, Practice, and Discipline*, and to the following closing paragraphs in the general epistle issued by their last yearly meeting on the 2nd inst.; only observing that this epistle is publicly read in all their meetings in Great Britain and Ireland; and is generally received and very widely circulated among the many thousand members of the Society in the United States of North America. See the enclosed extract from the epistle above alluded to.—Thy friends, respectfully,

JOSIAH MERRICK,
SHIPLEY NEAVE.

Manchester, 6 Month, 21st, 1871.

[EXTRACT FROM THE EPISTLE OF THE YEARLY MEETING OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, 1871.]

Beloved friends,—In meditating on the high calling of the Church of God, and on the obligations which rest upon its members, we are called upon again to offer, in reverence and thanksgiving, the tribute of our unwavering allegiance to Him who is its glorified Head, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. He was in the beginning with God, and was God; by Him all things were made; in Him the glory of the Father is revealed, both in creation and in redemption. He is the Light of the World; the Word who "was made flesh;" in whom "dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Taking upon him the form of a servant, He lived, He suffered, He died; being "in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." "He is the propitiation for our sins;" yea, "for the sins of the whole world." He rose from the dead; and as our great High Priest, He is passed into the heavens, "now to appear in the presence of God for us." He led captivity captive, and "having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost," it is through his mediation that the baptism of the Spirit is bestowed. By his Spirit, man in his fallen condition is quickened to a new life; and becomes a partaker of that faith which worketh by love, accepts Christ both as Saviour and as King. To him "the Father hath given authority to execute judgment also, because He is the Son of Man." In this precious faith the Church of God has lived from age to age. Many have been the witnesses to it raised up within our borders, of which we have had renewed evidence in memorials presented to us at this time. It is our prayer that, through submission to the yoke of Christ, and the acceptance of Him, in all that belongs to his person, work, and reign, under the effectual operation of his Spirit, this faith may be the blessed portion of all our members.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

In the last number of the *Sphinx* observations were made on Voysey's lectures, at the first of which Charles Thompson, a member of the Society of Friends, seconded a vote of thanks to the lecturer, and at the second, David Duncan, another member, presided. You very naturally enquire whether the friends as a body sympathize with the lecturer. Endorsed is a copy of the Epistle from the Society's governing body, the sittings of which are very recently closed. The portions marked show clearly and authoritatively our doctrines on the Divinity and Atonement of our Blessed Lord. The public will see at once that the views of Voysey and those of the Friends are directly opposed to each other, and that there is nothing in common between them. It may be demonstrated with equal clearness, that the Society of Friends hold that the Holy Scriptures are undoubtedly of Divine Authority, and worthy of our most unreserved acceptance. The query arises: are C. Thompson and D. Duncan really Friends?—I am, respectfully,

SAML. JESPER.

Macclesfield, 6 Month, 20th, 1871.

CATS.

ACCORDING to several authorities, cats come originally from Egypt, in which case their long ago progenitors must have looked with wonder at our calm, eternal gaze, what time they wandered from Bubasts down by the Second Pyramid. It's a wonder why they left, too, for they had a goddess to themselves, in their own likeness at least, called Pasht, but that's all pass'd and gone, and they have come from the East along with the wise men, though as Disraeli says, probably all of them haven't left yet.

Everybody, down to that pestilent animal the schoolboy, knows, of course, that cats belong to the lion and tiger lot, but they seem rather more tameable than those royal and noble animals. Look at Tib, as she sits there with her curious, triangular-shaped face and upright ears. Her ears are not so movable as those of some of other animals, but more so than many. The shape of the external part of the ear is admirably calculated to intercept sounds. They stand forward and outward so as to catch sound from the front and sides, and, by means of a thin layer of muscles, the upper part can be drawn back and receive sounds from the rear. The lateral movements of the head in cats are not so extensive as in the owl, but they are nevertheless considerable. A cat can look round pretty far behind it, without moving its body, which might perhaps startle its intended prey. In order that all the cat's movements may be free and unrestrained in all possible directions and under all circumstances, the joints which connect its bones are extremely loose and free, and its skin is very full and loose. Thus the cat is enabled to get through small apertures, to leap from great heights, and even to fall, with little or no injury to itself, in an unfavourable posture—though, to be sure, that very seldom happens, for cats, like lucky folks, manage somehow to fall generally to fall on their feet.

The senses of smelling, hearing, and sight are uncommonly acute in cats. Being an animal which hunts both by day and night, the structure of the eyes is adjusted for each. The retina—the expansion at the eye end of the optic nerve—is most sensitive to the stimulus of light. A well marked muscle, therefore, contracts the pupil to a merely vertical fissure during the day, while in the dark, the pupil dilates enormously, and lets in as much light as possible. But in the holes and corners, where the cat holds her meetings with Madam Mouse or Blank Rat, Esq., there is often no light whatever, and so the cat is furnished with a bright, metal-like, lustrous membrane, which lines part of the hollow globe of the eye, and sheds considerable light on the image of an object thrown on the retina. Moreover, the sensibility of the retina in cats is so great that neither the contraction of the pupil, nor the closing of the eyelids, would, alone, afford them sufficient protection from the action of the light. Hence, the cat is furnished with a nictating membrane, a sort of third eyelid or movable skin-shade.

The cat's teeth are sharp and formidable, and the tongue is rough. This roughness is owing to a multitude of horny papillæ (much stronger of course in lions and tigers), by which she is helped to keep herself clean. The paws are soft, enabling the animal to tread noiselessly, and the claws in it are preserved constantly sharp, by being drawn, when not used, by certain tendons within a sheath or case. A cat never eats a morsel of anything without sitting down to clean its face and lips. Although she cannot lick her face and head, she nevertheless cleans these parts thoroughly by licking her right paw for some time, and then brushing down the corresponding side of the head and face, and when this is accomplished she does the other side in a similar way. Cleanliness is, in fact, a necessity to cats, inasmuch as if they had the slightest smell about them their prey would detect their presence by it, and never come within their reach. As it is, the cat is so free from smell that she may sit close to the holes of mice without their being aware of it, though they also possess a fine sense of smell.

The food and prey that the cat eats often disorders its stomach, so it takes a little medicine for which it does not go to the druggist's but to a clever old woman. Dame Nature, who provides her with grass, some of which it eats. This, however, goes no further than the gullet. This is irritated by the jagged and saw-like edges of the blades of grass and the irritation is communicated to the stomach, which, by a spasmodic action, rejects its vitiated secretion; in other words the cat is as sick as a dog.

Like those young ladies who advertise for housekeeperships to a widower or single gentleman, or, still more plainly, for a husband, say of themselves, the cat is thoroughly domesticated. In fact, it carries its love of domesticity almost to an excess. Anything unusual about the house throws it into a flutter, and the advent of the sweeps or workmen of any kind is the signal for its retreat into unknown and secluded corners, where it remains for several hours after the supposed danger has gone. It has also an instinctive knowledge of the presence of danger. Some people think that when cats repeatedly rub their paws over their ears it is a sign of change of weather, and possibly some tickling sensation may be experienced by them from approaching atmospheric changes unappreciable by ourselves.

One or two common errors about cats may be noticed. Many persons will destroy them when anything is the matter with them, whereas, in many cases they would recover with a little care. Some think that they do not drink much, but this is a mistake. Water should always be placed within their reach. If they seem at all mangy, a little powdered brimstone may be put into their milk saucer with good effect, and the placing of a little cream on the affected parts induces the cat to lick it off, and so contribute to nature's healing powers.

The goddess Pasht, to which reference was made at the beginning of this paper, has been identified with Diana, the moon-goddess, and the cat was believed to stand in some relation to the moon on account of her wandering ways at night, and her giving birth to twenty-eight young ones in the course of her life—exactly the number of the moon's phases. Cats seem to have kept up this practice, for they certainly enjoy themselves on moonlight nights, especially if the weather be warm, and there appears something appropriate in their ancient consecration to the moon. How they must have revelled under a bright Egyptian moon in the streets and porticos of Bubastis!

The cat is said to have nine lives. This is, of course, only a metaphorical way of implying its wonderful powers of extricating itself from difficult situations, or recovering from injuries which would probably have killed any other animal. Another expression, that care killed a cat, is only a simile for the overwhelming nature of great and lasting anxiety. It is also a leading character in some of the oldest tales in the world. How could we have peaceably passed our childhood except we had been cheered with such romantic stories as Lord Peter or Puss in Boots, the Marquis of Carabas, and the wonderful legend of Whittington and his Cat? The old Jews seem to have been without the cat as well as the horse, but in later times it has enriched our own language and others with various expressions and proverbs. A "cat's-paw" seems to have been taken from the fable of the monkey and the chesnuts, in which puss comes off second-best. "A cat may look at a king," is probably of high antiquity, and "letting the cat out of the bag" has been a practice of incautious persons some years before the date of the Second Punic War, while to "know how the cat jumps" is accepted at once as a proof of discernment and ability.

"Cats," says the Rev. Cæsar Otway, "are much misrepresented—often the victims of prejudice. It is strictly maintained that they have little or no affection for persons, and their partialities are confined to places; but every one is familiar with instances of the reverse." It may be remarked here that the way in which some people, when removing, leave their cats behind to shift for themselves, is shameful. It is cruel to throw an animal upon its own resources which has always been accustomed to be provided for.

Besides contributing to the expressiveness of language, the cat illustrates a lesson in grammar. Its cry, or mew, which ought to be spelt phonetically—miœaou—contains all the vowels of the alphabet, not in that succession, but in the order which marks their relation to one another according, according not to the English, but the continental method of pronouncing those letters.

We may learn some useful lessons from cats, as indeed we may from all animals. Cats may teach us patience and perseverance, earnest concentration of all our powers on a desired object, as they watch for hours at a mouse-hole or lie in ambush for a bird. The curiosity with which they spy into all places and the thorough smelling which every new object receives commend to us a full examination of all novelties. Cats never smell twice at the same thing, showing a *retentive* as well as an *acquiring* faculty, and as they rub their heads against what you offer them which they do not want, they remind you that there is a gracious way of refusing a proffered favour.

There is unquestionably more in the minds of animals than we ordinarily credit them with, and cats are, like ourselves, very enigmatical. You never get to the bottom of cats; you will never thoroughly make the acquaintance of one; and you will never find two alike in manners and disposition. All their mysterious ways, in short, combine to invest them with a strange fascination, which reaches its culminating point in the case of a *completely black cat*. Montaigne, playing with his cat and amused with its antics, was startled by the sudden thought that perhaps after all the cat might be the immensely superior animal of the two, and that while he fancied he was playing with *it*, it was in reality playing with *him!*

And the cat's eye, not the opal, but the visual organ, what expressive and intelligent glances it seems to cast at you sometimes! Is not Ruskin right in saying, "There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange life through which *their* life looks at and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature, if not of the soul?"

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The first wait might to enthusiasts appear rather long, but the spectators mostly found occupation. For the ladies and their escorts there were subjects of interest in the lumbering barges which occasionally passed, and in watching the rush of the mob at the Salford side of the river, to avoid being kicked or hurled into the river by the horses and ropes. An individual who paddled in a canoe with considerable diligence and patience came in for much criticism, not altogether favourable to his occupation, but the man himself seemed perfectly satisfied, which was after all the main thing. And had not those with no gentler occupation to attend to that mysterious operation known as making a book? There was a sort of fiction that in the presence of ladies the subject of betting was to be ignored, yet the amount and universality of speculation in shillings and half-crowns was something wonderful. But at last it is seen that the racing is about to begin, for there are the boats—long, narrow, and, to the uninitiated, dangerously crank,—being carried to the water and launched. The first is a pair-oar race for gold medals. After a preliminary pull up the river, they turn towards Throstle Nest, which is the starting post, Messrs. Lang and Armistead in one boat, Messrs. Vos and Walter Roe in the other. The knowing ones pronounce the race a certainty for the former pair, and proceed to make as many bets as possible on the certainty. But it is again proved that nothing is certain but uncertainty. For when the boats are again seen coming up the river one is so far behind the other that it is at once pronounced that something is wrong. And so it proves. The Salford boat passes bravely towards the bridge, but the other makes for the boat-house amidst many anxious inquiries as to what it all meant. Then it was found that Mr. Lang, after making a good start, had from sudden illness been compelled to give up. Of course every one is a little disappointed, but as it cannot be helped, even those who have lost money speedily become good-tempered again, and at once try to cover their losses by laying odds on the strength of the presumed illness of Mr. Lang. The next race is the first heat of a four-oar race, the stroke on the Manchester side of the river being Mr. Armistead, on the Salford side Mr. Walter Roe. Mr. Armistead's crew is supposed by the learned to have a very good chance of winning. So, in fact, it proved, for from the start his crew showed such an advantage in steadiness and style that the race was never for a moment in doubt. So apparent was the ease of the victory that odds were offered that this crew won the race out and out. After a little musical interval, in which the band achieved prodigies of noise, there came the second heat, with Mr. H. W. Roe, stout and mighty of muscle, yet active withal, as stroke on the Manchester side, and Mr. Vos on the Salford. The struggle was a severe one all through, but superior strength and weight in the end told. Mr. Roe's side gained a hard-earned victory. Then, after an interval, too short, probably, for those engaged in the fight, but which was not very adequately filled up by some canoe races, vastly interesting it may be to that redoubtable oarsman, Mark Addy, but to none else, we began to prepare ourselves for the final struggle between the two previous victors. Many very enthusiastic people, aware of the great fact that only the runners can properly see a boat race, had themselves quietly ferried across the river, and placed themselves at intervals along the towing path, according to the estimate of their own powers of leg and lung, ready to accompany the race, and to shout words of unintelligible advice to unheeding ears. The presence of Mr. Armistead as stroke in one of the boats makes that crew the favourite. Indeed, that gentleman is a model oar, about the right weight, muscular and wiry, with an unlimited power of endurance, indomitable pluck, and with a power of fighting his battles with his head as well as with his arms, back, and legs. There is with him no sputtering start, and no working all the life out of his crew in the first hundred-and-fifty yards, by giving a stroke which it is totally impossible to maintain for any length of time. The result of the race perfectly justified the confidence of his friends. Mr. H. W. Roe's crew went away with a slight lead, which they could not keep for long. Up to the buoy the race was an excellent one, the bows of the boats never being many feet asunder. But at the turn things went all wrong for Mr. Roe. The bow oar on the Manchester side seemed, for a little while, either overpowered by his oar or exhausted, and when the boat had got its bow in a straight line for home again, Mr. Armistead was considerably ahead—too far to give the smallest hope of being caught again. Mr. Roe and his men pulled pluckily and well, never for a moment giving in or faltering. But all was practically over but the shouting; for though Mr. Armistead's crew never gained much more, they were rowing easily and perfectly within themselves, and finally won, amidst a storm of good-natured criticism and approval. So far as mere prettiness is concerned, the eight-oar race, which concluded the sports, certainly bore away the palm. There is something at once so graceful and powerful in the sweep and rush of the long narrow cutters that the enthusiasm of the beholders was not hard to understand. 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Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday Evening, at dusk, will be represented the Magnificent Spectacle of the
SIEGE, DEFENCE, AND FALL OF STRASBURG; concluding with Colossal Transparency of PEACE WELCOMED BY EUROPE, surrounded by a Brilliant Display of Fireworks.
The Military Band of the Gardens will be in attendance daily from three p.m.
The Extensive Zoological Collection, the Pleasure Boats and Steamers on the Lakes, the Museum, Mazes, Conservatories, Ferneries, and all the other attractions daily.
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TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use the Colloid referred to in the following paragraph. It is also invaluable for Washing Print Dresses and Coloured Frocks for Spring wear, while preserving their colours:—
SAPOLOID.—This is a Scented Vegetable Washing Powder. It appears likely to supersede the Washing Compounds in ordinary use, which so frequently rot the clothes, and cause the buttons to come off. The Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of it, and of ARCHER'S IMPROVED COLLOID, are Messrs. ALFRED WARD & Co., Withy Grove, Manchester.

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KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.
THESE PILLS are a sure specific for HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COMPLAINTS or AFFECTIONS of the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS, &c. They give immediate relief in cases of PERSISTENT COUGH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, and other AFFECTIONS of the LUNGS. For GOUT, RHEUMATISM, &c., they are invaluable; they have been in use for upwards of half a century, and thousands have testified to the benefits experienced by their use.
Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines at 1s. 1½d., s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box.

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IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS,
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WEDDING CAKES.—Messrs. PARKER and SON, Confectioners, by Special Appointment to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and the Princess of Wales and Royal Family, beg to direct attention to their NEW BRIDECAKE SHOWROOM. Finished and Unfinished Cakes of all weights ready for inspection. Elegant Vases, Bouquets, Wreaths, and Bridecake Ornaments.
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For Hire—Gold, Gilt, and Electro-plated Epergnes, Candelabra, Silver Plate, Cutlery, China, Linen, Tables, Rout Seats, Chairs, Tents, and everything required for entertainments.
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[*Read this with care and attention.*]
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Our SEMOLINA is the staple food in France, Russia, Spain, Italy, &c., and will soon be that of England. It has obtained
24 PRIZE MEDALS
in the Grand Exhibitions for its superiority over all others; and is pronounced by the most eminent members of the Medical Profession, both in London and in Paris, to be far more nutritious than Tapioca, Arrowroot, Corn Flour (which are only Starch), or any farinaceous food already introduced into this country. See Dr. Hassall's Analytical Report.
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HAIR DYE, 3s. 6d. HAIR DESTROYER, or Depilatory for Removing Hair from the Face, 3s. 6d. SPANISH FLY OIL, or Oil of Cantharides, for the Growth of Hair and Whiskers, 3s. 6d. ALEX. ROSS'S GREAT HAIR RESTORER, for Changing Grey Hair to its Proper Colour, 3s. 6d. Had of all Chemists in Manchester. ALEX ROSS, 346 High Holborn, London.

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The NEW CHINESE TEA ROOMS, decorated by the Messrs. Danson and Sons, of London, will be open for the supply of tea and other refreshments.
Admission to the Gardens, 6d.; Mondays and Wednesdays, 1s. after Four p.m.; Saturdays, 1s. after Five.

ROYAL POMONA PALACE AND GARDENS,
Sole Proprietor, JAMES REILLY.
The above popular and splendidly-appointed
PALACE,
covering 1½ acre,
with the elegant Refreshment-room, IS NOW OPEN for the Season. The recent Elaborate
DECORATIONS
have rendered it the Most Fashionable and Agreeable Place of Amusement in the City. The Celebrated
PALACE BAND
under the able direction of Mr. O. Gaggs,
EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, At Three o'clock.
Admission, 6d. each. No extra charge.
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Sole Proprietor, JAMES REILLY.
OPEN DAILY, from Six a.m. till dusk.
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SCHOOL BOARDS AND THE EDUCATION ACT, in connection with Religion, and with the principles of the Liberation Society.
By the Rev. C. WHITAKER, B.A.
Manchester: JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate. London: P. P. PYRAH, Paternoster Row.

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Giant's Causeway.	Buxton.
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STALEY'S AROMATIC MIXTURE, for Cholera, Diarhœa, Bowel Complaint, Cramp in the Stomach, &c. Prepared from the celebrated Receipt of Dr. Trench.—Bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. Woolley, Market Street; or the Proprietor, JOHN STALEY, Operative Chemist, 311, Chester Road, Hulme.

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use the Colloid referred to in the following paragraph. It is also invaluable for Washing Print Dresses and Coloured Frocks for Spring wear, while preserving their colours:—
SAPOLOID.—This is a Scented Vegetable Washing Powder. It appears likely to supersede the Washing Compounds in ordinary use, which so frequently rot the clothes, and cause the buttons to come off. The Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of it, and of ARCHER'S IMPROVED COLLOID, are Messrs. ALFRED WARD & Co., Withy Grove, Manchester.
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KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.
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Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines at 1s. 1½d., s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box.

RUPTURES.—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the
IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS,
Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid Appliances
26, OLD MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

BY APPOINTMENT.
WEDDING CAKES.—Messrs. PARKER and SON, Confectioners, by Special Appointment to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and the Princess of Wales and Royal Family, beg to direct attention to their NEW BRIDECAKE SHOWROOM. Finished and Unfinished Cakes of all weights ready for inspection. Elegant Vases, Bouquets, Wreaths, and Bridecake Ornaments.
Contractors for Wedding Breakfasts, Dinners, Ball Suppers, &c.—Menu and Price List forwarded.
For Hire—Gold, Gilt, and Electro-plated Epergnes, Candelabra, Silver Plate, Cutlery, China, Linen, Tables, Rout Seats, Chairs, Tents, and everything required for entertainments.
18, ST. MARY'S GATE, EXCHANGE

PERSONS troubled with CORNS and WARTS should at once procure a bottle of ROBINSON'S PATENT CORN SOLVENT, which never fails to quickly remove them.—Sold in bottles at 7½d. and 13½d. each, by B. ROBINSON, chemist, Pendleton; JEWSBURY, MOTTERSHEAD, & CO., Market Street; and most Chemists.

NOBLETT & CO. beg to call attention to their PERFECT FITTING BOOTS.—Every description for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children.
56 and 58, RUSHOLME ROAD.

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THE NEWEST STYLES AND BEST VALUE,
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J. MURGATROYD'S,
198, DEANSGATE,
OPPOSITE JACKSON'S ROW.

HEALTH! DELICACY!! ECONOMY!!!
MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.
NOTICE.
[*Read this with care and attention.*]
THE MANUFACTORY of MAYAR'S SEMOLINA was established in 1815. It is the oldest and the largest in the world, Twenty-five million pounds being yearly produced. (25,000,000.)
Our SEMOLINA is the staple food in France, Russia, Spain, Italy, &c., and will soon be that of England. It has obtained
24 PRIZE MEDALS
in the Grand Exhibitions for its superiority over all others; and is pronounced by the most eminent members of the Medical Profession, both in London and in Paris, to be far more nutritious than Tapioca, Arrowroot, Corn Flour (which are only Starch), or any farinaceous food already introduced into this country. See Dr. Hassall's Analytical Report.
N.B.—Being determined to maintain its reputation, we again CAUTION the public that an imitation, to which a false and ridiculous name has been given, is introduced by a well-known firm, taking advantage of its name and publicity to sell a similar article of very inferior quality, to realise extra profits, and who advertise in favour of that article the qualities possessed by our Semolina.
As a proof of our assertion, we challenge a comparison by analysis between our SEMOLINA and the so-called *Pearlina*.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
After is solely the heart of the very best Wheat.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
a trial is richer than any other farinaceous food, in nitrogenous matter and gluten. Indispensable in the bone and muscular formation.

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MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
mily Is extremely nourishing and easily digested.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
will be makes delicious Puddings, Blancmange, Custards, and Pastry.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.
with Unequalled for thickening Soups and Beef Tea.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
out SEM is the greatest delicacy, prepared as gruel, for Breakfast and Supper.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
OLINA. is very economical.
May be used with or without Milk.
Recipes on each Package.
6d lb. in Packet, 8d. in Canister.
Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, &c.

HOMINY.
MAYAR'S HOMINY, produced from the best Indian Maize, without any adulteration obtained by grinding, is far superior to the Maize Corn Flour already introduced in this country, which is only Starch obtained by a process of washing, which deteriorates entirely the quality, and is sold at a very high price.
Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, and Corn Dealers.
Wholesale at MAYAR'S, 36, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.
Wholesale Agents Wanted in every town.

ALEX. ROSS'S CELEBRATED HAIR PREPARATIONS.
HAIR DYE, 3s. 6d. HAIR DESTROYER, or Depilatory for Removing Hair from the Face, 3s. 6d. GREAT HAIR RESTORER, for Changing Grey Hair to its Proper Colour, 3s. 6d. SPANISH FLY OIL, or Oil of Cantharides, for the Growth of Hair and Whiskers, 3s. 6d. ALEX. ROSS'S Head of all Chemists in Manchester. ALEX ROSS, 248 High Holborn, London.

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Are made on FOX'S Celebrated FRAMES, and Are Unequalled for QUALITY, DURABILITY, and PRICE.
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There is unquestionably more in the minds of animals than we ordinarily credit them with, and cats are, like ourselves, very enigmatical. You never get to the bottom of cats; you will never thoroughly make he acquaintance of one; and you will never find two alike in manners and disposition. All their mysterious ways, in short, combine to invest them with a strange fascination, which reaches its culminating point in the case of a *completely black cat*. Montaigne, playing with his cat and amused with its antics, was startled by the sudden thought that perhaps after all the cat might be the immensely superior animal of the two, and that while he fancied he was playing with *it*, it was in reality playing with *him!*

And the cat's eye, not the opal, but the visual organ, what expressive and intelligent glances it seems to cast at you sometimes! Is not Ruskin right in saying, "There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange life through which *their* life looks at and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature, if not of the soul?"

THE NEMESIS REGATTA.

ROWING is so essentially English, and so universally popular, that it is easy to understand the interest which is felt in the annual regatta of the Nemesis Rowing Club. Undeterred by a river which it were gross flattery to call dirty, and by atmospheric influences at first highly unfavourable, a considerable number of visitors found their way to the boat-house of the club at Cornbrook on Saturday afternoon. A taste for boating once acquired is never wholly lost; indeed only becomes stronger with the lapse of time. Hence the old oars, who constituted a considerable minority of the company, were the noisiest and most critical of the spectators. The possession of some treasured cup or medal, or even of some exciting reminiscence or other on the subject of boating, was amply sufficient to make them authorities, and to justify them in misleading their friends as to the certain winners of the coming events.

The first wait might to enthusiasts appear rather long, but the spectators mostly found occupation. For the ladies and their escorts there were subjects of interest in the lumbering barges which occasionally passed, and in watching the rush of the mob at the Salford side of the river, to avoid being kicked or hurled into the river by the horses and ropes. An individual who paddled in a canoe with considerable diligence and patience came in for much criticism, not altogether favourable to his occupation, but the man himself seemed perfectly satisfied, which was after all the main thing. And had not those with no gentler occupation to attend to that mysterious operation known as making a book? There was a sort of fiction that in the presence of ladies the subject of betting was to be ignored, yet the amount and universality of speculation in shillings and half-crowns was something wonderful. But at last it is seen that the racing is about to begin, for there are the boats—long, narrow, and, to the uninitiated, dangerously crank,—being carried to the water and launched. The first is a pair-oar race for gold medals. After a preliminary pull up the river, they turn towards Throstle Nest, which is the starting post, Messrs. Lang and Armistead in one boat, Messrs. Vos and Walter Roe in the other. The knowing ones pronounce the race a certainty for the former pair, and proceed to make as many bets as possible on the certainty. But it is again proved that nothing is certain but uncertainty. For when the boats are again seen coming up the river one is so far behind the other that it is at once pronounced that something is wrong. And so it proves. The Salford boat passes bravely towards the bridge, but the other makes for the boat-house amidst many anxious inquiries as to what it all meant. Then it was found that Mr. Lang, after making a good start, had from sudden illness been compelled to give up. Of course every one is a little disappointed, but as it cannot be helped, even those who have lost money speedily become good-tempered again, and at once try to cover their losses by laying odds on the strength of the presumed illness of Mr. Lang. The next race is the first heat of a four-oar race, the stroke on the Manchester side of the river being Mr. Armistead, on the Salford side Mr. Walter Roe. Mr. Armistead's crew is supposed by the learned to have a very good chance of winning. So, in fact, it proved, for from the start his crew showed such an advantage in steadiness and style that the race was never for a moment in doubt. So apparent was the ease of the victory that odds were offered that this crew won the race out and out. After a little musical interval, in which the band achieved prodigies of noise, there came the second heat, with Mr. H. W. Roe, stout and mighty of muscle, yet active withal, as stroke on the Manchester side, and Mr. Vos on the Salford. The struggle was a severe one all through, but superior strength and weight in the end told. Mr. Roe's side gained a hard-earned victory. Then, after an interval, too short, probably, for those engaged in the fight, but which was not very adequately filled up by some canoe races, vastly interesting it may be to that redoubtable oarsman, Mark Addy, but to none else, we began to prepare ourselves for the final struggle between the two previous victors. Many very enthusiastic people, aware of the great fact that only the runners can properly see a boat race, had themselves quietly ferried across the river, and placed themselves at intervals along the towing path, according to the estimate of their own powers of leg and lung, ready to accompany the race, and to shout words of unintelligible advice to unheeding ears. The presence of Mr. Armistead as stroke in one of the boats makes that crew the favourite. Indeed, that gentleman is a model oar, about the right weight, muscular and wiry, with an unlimited power of endurance, indomitable pluck, and with a power of fighting his battles with his head as well as with his arms, back, and legs. There is with him no sputtering start, and no working all the life out of his crew in the first hundred-and-fifty yards, by giving a stroke which it is totally impossible to maintain for any length of time. The result of the race perfectly justified the confidence of his friends. Mr. H. W. Roe's crew went away with a slight lead, which they could not keep for long. Up to the buoy the race was an excellent one, the bows of the boats never being many feet asunder. But at the turn things went all wrong for Mr. Roe. The bow oar on the Manchester side seemed, for a little while, either overpowered by his oar or exhausted, and when the boat had got its bow in a straight line for home again, Mr. Armistead was considerably ahead—too far to give the smallest hope of being caught again. Mr. Roe and his men pulled pluckily and well, never for a moment giving in or faltering. But all was practically over but the shouting; for though Mr. Armistead's crew never gained much more, they were rowing easily and perfectly within themselves, and finally won, amidst a storm of good-natured criticism and approval. So far as mere prettiness is concerned, the eight-oar race, which concluded the sports, certainly bore away the palm. There is something at once so graceful and powerful in the sweep and rush of the long narrow cutters that the enthusiasm of the beholders was not hard to understand. Here again Mr. Armistead was to the fore, he and his crew being steered to victory by the genial and enthusiastic Mr. Cheetham. The length of the course is far too short, however, properly to test the capabilities of an eight-oar crew. The race resolves itself of necessity into a mere spurt.

After the last race it might naturally have been expected that some of the spectators would consider the affair over. But so few went away that it became quite clear that something else was expected. This waiting was soon explained by the breathless appearance of our muscular friend Mr. H. W. Roe, bearing the medals and cups, which he presented with a few—very few—remarks. But we were not satisfied, and remained impatiently expectant till Mr. Cheetham, who amidst a storm of disapprobation had tried to escape, made a a short but characteristic speech. He has lost none of his power of going straight to the heart of his subject, and his homely but powerful language held undivided command over the sympathy of his audience. He is clearly in possession of all his last year's powers. An open regatta, in which the best of Manchester boating men could meet the picked crews of other towns would, from a boating point of view, doubtless be more interesting and exciting than one in which the members of a single club vanquish each other; but it would be difficult to anticipate that such a regatta could be pleasanter and jollier than that of last Saturday.

ERRATUM.—By a printer's oversight an omission occurred in the French phrase quoted in the article last week on Mr. Voysey's lecture on Ritualism. For *les hommes jugent connaître*, read *les hommes jugent de tout sans rien connaître.*

PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

Proprietors, the Prince's Theatre Company, Limited.
ENGAGEMENT OF MR. & MRS. W. J. FLORENCE, the popular Representatives of IRISH AND YANKEE COMEDY.
EVERY EVENING, at half-past seven.
Mr. W. J. FLORENCE as PAUDEEN O'RAFFERTY and BARNEY O'CONNOR,
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Mrs. W. J. FLORENCE as PEGG ANN MEHITABLE HIGGINFLUTTER, introducing her Yankee Songs,
"Love Among the Roses."
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BORN TO GOOD LUCK;
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Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday Evening, at dusk, will be represented the Magnificent Spectacle of the
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The Military Band of the Gardens will be in attendance daily from three p.m.
The Extensive Zoological Collection, the Pleasure Boats and Steamers on the Lakes, the Museum, Mazes, Conservatories, Ferneries, and all the other attractions daily.
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Office of the Superintendent of the Line,
Victoria Station, Manchester, June, 1871.

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CHEAP EXCURSIONS FOR THE SEASON.

Every Saturday, Monday, and Thursday, commencing on June 10, and continuing until further notice:—

To BLACKPOOL (the Brighton of the North), SOUTHPORT (the Montpelier of England), FLEETWOOD, LYTHAM, and LIVERPOOL, from Manchester (Victoria Station), 7 15 a.m.; Miles Platting, 7 a.m.; Salford, 7 20 a.m.; Oldfield, Road, 7 23 a.m. Fares, returning same day, 2s 6d.; within eight days, 4s. 6d.

Every Monday and Saturday from June 10, from the same stations, and at the same times:—

To BELFAST, via Fleetwood (shortest route), DUBLIN, via Liverpool, available for 15 days, 9s.

To ISLE OF MAN, available for one month, 9s. 6d.

Also for eight days to CONISTON, GRANGE, WINDERMERE, or FURNESS ABBEY, 8s. 6d.; PENRITH, 16s.; KESWICK, 11s.

See bills for fuller particulars; also, for Excursions to the above-mentioned places, at proportionately cheap fares on the same days, from Oldham, Ashton, Rochdale, Bolton, Blackburn, and nearly all stations on the line.

Excursion Tickets are also issued to NORTH WALES from certain stations as per handbills and posters.

Office of Superintendent of the Line, By order.
Victoria Station, Manchester, June, 1871.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

CHEAP WEEKLY EXCURSIONS TO BUXTON, MATLOCK, AND MALVERN.

Every Friday and Saturday, until Saturday, October 28th, 1871, RETURN TICKETS, at the following low fares, will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to BUXTON, MATLOCK, AND MALVERN, by any of the Ordinay Trains, available for returning by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

Stations.	FARES. To Buxton. 1st Cls.	To Buxton. 2nd Cls.	To Matlock. 1st Cls.	To Matlock. 2nd Cls.	To Malvern. 1st Cls.	To Malvern. 2nd Cls.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Manchester	6 0	4 6	9 6	7 0	24 0	18 3
Stockport (Tev. Dale)	5 0	3 6	8 6	6 0	22 0	16 0
Stalybridge } .... Guide Bridge }	5 0	3 6	9 0	6 6	23 6	17 6

In Manchester Tickets can be obtained at Cook's Excursion and Tourist Office, 43, Piccadilly; and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

Derby, June, 1871. JAMES ALPORT, General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN, AND MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, & LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAYS.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON.

A Cheap Excursion to LONDON (King's Cross Station) will run as under, on MONDAY, 3rd July, Returning from King's Cross at 11 0 a.m. on Friday, 7th July.

STATIONS.	Time. morn.	Time. morn.	Fares to London, King's Cross, and Back. Cov. Car.	First Class.
MANCHESTER, London-rd. dp	—	10 10		
OLDHAM, Clegg-street	—	9 40		
STALYBRIDGE	—	9 55		
ASHTON, Park Parade	—	9 59		
Dukinfield	—	10 2		
Hayfield	8 40	—	s. 15	s. 25
NEW MILLS	8 49	—		
Marple	8 57	—		
Hyde	—	10 12		
GUIDE BRIDGE	—	10 20		
STOCKPORT, Tayiot Dale	9 40	—		
LONDON, King's Cross, ar. ab	4 0	5 25		

Tickets, Bills, and every information can be had in Manchester at the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Booking Offices; also at 6, Brown-street (opposite the Post Office); at the above Stations; and from the usual Agents. R. G. UNDERDOWN,

London Road Station, General Manager
Manchester. June, 1871

CARPETS. R. H. GIBSON.
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CARPETS.—R. H. GIBSON has just purchased 500 PIECES, and will sell them at prices that will both please as well as astonish. Good Tapestry Brussels, 2s 4½d.. extra quality, 2s. 0d.; 500 Pieces Best Handloom Brussels, 3s. 4½d.; 350 Axminster Rugs, at 12s. 6d. HALF PRICE.

90 to 96, STRETFORD ROAD.

FURNITURE R. H. GIBSON.
FURNITURE. R. H. GIBSON.
FURNITURE. R. H. GIBSON.

FURNITURE.—Drawing-Room Suite complete, from 8 to 40 guineas; Dining-Room Suites, in leather, from 10 guineas, in real morocco, 19 guineas; Dining Tables, extra leaf and screw, 39s. 6d, to 10 guineas; Walnut Chiffoniers, with plate glass backs and doors, 5 guineas; Marble Slab Washstands. 21s.; Large Mirrors. 40s. to £5.
78, OLDHAM ST.; 90 to 96, STRETFORD ROAD.

BEDSTEADS. R. H. GIBSON.
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BEDROOM FURNITURE. R. H. GIBSON.
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BEDROOM FURNITURE.—R. H. GIBSON, for BEDSTEADS in wood, iron, and brass, fitted with furniture and bedding complete. Suites for bedrooms from 10 guineas. See Illustrated Catalogue Houses completely furnished in three days.
R. H. GIBSON,
90, 92, 94, 96, Stretford Road, and 78, Oldham Street.

VICTORIA WINE COMPANY, LONDON.
BRANCH, 19, BLACKFRIARS STREET, MANCHESTER.
Port and Sherry, 6s. 6d. per gallon, or 13s. per dozen; Claret, 11s.; Champagne, 25s. per dozen.

WHELPTON'S
VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS
TRADE MARK (RECISTERED)

Are warranted not to contain a single particle of *Mercury* or any other *Mineral Substance*, but to consist entirely of Medicinal Matters, *Purely Vegetable*.

During the last thirty-five years they have proved their value in thousands of instances in diseases of the Head, Chest, Bowels, Liver and Kidneys: and in all skin complaints are one of the best medicines known.

Sold in boxes price 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, by G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London; and by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Sent free on receipt of 8, 14, or 33 stamps.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT
AND PILLS.

For the cure of burns, scalds, wounds, and ulcers, this justly celebrated Ointment stands unrivalled. Its balsamic virtues, immediately on application, lull the pain and smarting, protect the exposed nerves from the air, endue the vessels with the vigour necessary to heal the sore, and confer on the blood a purity which permits it only to lay down healthy flesh in place of that which has become diseased. Holloway's Pills, simultaneously taken, much assist the Ointment's purifying and soothing power. Together these medicines act like a charm; no invalid, after a fair trial, has found them to fail to relieve his pain or completely cure his disease. The combined beneficial action of the Ointment and Pills, in all disorders, is too irresistible to be withstood.

PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED.

OWEN'S PATENT
PERAMBULATORS

Will hold either ONE OR TWO children without any increase in the width of the Carriage from that of an ordinary SINGLE ONE.

Write or call for the New Illustrated Book of Prices for Perambulators and Invalid Carriages, free, containing OPINIONS of the PRESS on this novel INVENTION.

NEW CARRIAGE SHOW ROOMS,
15, PICCADILLY,
OPPOSITE MOSLEY STREET,
1, OLDHAM STREET & 80, DEANSGATE,
MANCHESTER.

MATHER'S ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM, extracted from the choicest rose-leaves, removes scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of pomades) to the hair, and prevents baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless.—Sold by all chemists in bottles, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each.—WILLIAM MATHER 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.; 19, Hanging Ditch, and 106, Chester Road, Manchester.

MATHER'S ROYAL BALSAMIC PLAISTERS (as supplied to the Army and Navy at Scutari Hospital).—Sold by all chemists at 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 8d. each. Caution: Every plaister has the proprietor's signature, trade-mark, and address on the back.

MATHER'S IMPROVED INFANTS FEEDING BOTTLES, WITH EARTHENWARE FITTINGS. The cheapest ever introduced, and universally admitted to be the most simple, cleanly, and durable.—Sold by all Chemists, at 1d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. each.

(Established 40 Years.)

STANTON'S Celebrated COUGH PILLS are universally acknowledged to be the best for the speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs.—W. MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London; and 109, Chester Road, Manchester. In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.
CAUTION.—"W. MATHER, Chester Road, Manchester," on the Government stamp round every box. Sent Post Free for 16 Stamps.

FINE FLAVOURED STRONG BEEF TEA at about 2½d. a pint. ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.
Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c.

Printed by JOHN HEYWOOD, of the Grange, Derbyshire Lane, Stretford, at the Excelsior Printing Works, Hulme Hall Road, and Published by him at 141 and 143, Deansgate, Manchester — Saturday, June 24th, 1871.